

E P I S T L E

To the Right Honourable

K. Stanhope

PHILIP Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

----- quem tu, Dea, tempore in omni,
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.

LUCRET.

Qui ita se armat Eloquentia, non ut oppugnet commoda Patriæ,
sed ut pro his pugnare possit; is mihi videtur publicis rationibus
utilissimus atque amicissimus.

CICERO.



L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.XLV.

ESTABLISHED

To the Right Honorable

PHILIP D. CHESTERFIELD.

Given in the Court of the Honorable the Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain, in the County of Middlesex, at the Court of the said Lord High Treasurer, on the 10th day of the month of January, 1771, in the 13th year of the said Majesty King George the Third, that the said Philip D. Chesterfield, Esquire, doth hereby certify, that the said Lord High Treasurer, in pursuance of the Statute in that behalf made, hath granted unto the said Philip D. Chesterfield, Esquire, a full power, sole privilege, and authority, that he, the said Philip D. Chesterfield, Esquire, should and lawfully might, during the term of years therein expressed, print, publish, and vend, under the great Seal of Great Britain, a certain Book, the Title whereof is as follows, to wit: "The History of the City of London, from its first Inhabitation to the present Time, in three Volumes." And that the said Philip D. Chesterfield, Esquire, hath accordingly printed, published, and vendeth, the said Book, in conformity to the said Statute, and the said full power, sole privilege, and authority, as in and by the said Book, so by these presents more fully appearing, and the said Philip D. Chesterfield, Esquire, doth hereby certify, that the said Book, so by these presents more fully appearing, is a true and correct Copy of the said Book, as the same hath been printed, published, and vendeth, by the said Philip D. Chesterfield, Esquire, in conformity to the said Statute, and the said full power, sole privilege, and authority, as in and by the said Book, so by these presents more fully appearing.



Printed for M. Cooper



A N

E P I S T L E

To the Right Honourable

Philip Earl of Chesterfield.

WHEN first the Muses deign'd t'inspire
The raptur'd Breasts with sacred Fire;

The pious Bards then tun'd their Lays

To sing th'Almighty MAKER's Praise.

Nature, great Work of Hand Divine,

They call'd, her Harmony to join;

While Earth, Seas, Skies and Stars aloud

Hymn'd th'universal Parent, GOD.

To Virtue and to Virtue's Friends
 Their sacred Tribute next descends;
 To all who Heav'n's great Laws revere,
 To all, who Heav'n's fair Image wear.
 False Flatt'ry stirr'd not, then, their Fires;
 Just Merit only strung their Lyres:
 Untainted still, poetic Veins;
 Their Songs still pure, still chaste their Strains.
 To Poets, such as these, My LORD,
 Few virtuous Themes, these Days afford.

Just, steady to their Principle,
 Brave Breasts, inflexible to Ill;
 Whom no mean selfish Spirit draws,
 T'abandon dear BRITANNIA's Cause;
 Who, while Corruption roll'd her Flood,
 Gen'rous, and bold Opponents stood:

Where

Where are these Patriot Spirits, now,
 Who with their Country's Love still glow?
 Where are they, who like You remain,
 The Friends of Freedom, free from Stain?

When Virtue and high Pow'r unite;
 The Rays of Virtue, then, how bright!
 How glorious is th'exalted Sphere!
 To all you govern, You, how dear!
 HIBERNIA, first of fruitful Isles!
 With what unusual Joy she smiles!
 How pleas'd, how chearful to obey,
 Cherish'd by your auspicious Sway!
 Nature †, beholding you, shall sing,
 Reviv'd, as by the fragrant Spring.

† Instar veris enim, vultus ubi tuus

Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,

Et Soles melius nitent,

HOR.

Each

Each Sun, her Realm, while STANHOPE sways,
 Shall pour a more refulgent Blaze:
 When lo! ASTREA's self, again
 Descends to bless your golden Reign.

When War stood dubious how t'incline,
 Wanting Auxiliar Pow'rs to join;
 When all around, dread Dangers rose;
 Pale AUSTRIA trembling at her Foes;
 When just drew near, the fatal Hour,
 Threat'ning t'o'eturn the ballanc'd Pow'r:
 He, who adorns BRITANNIA's Throne,
 O'er EUROPE's Rights, as o'er his own,
 Watchful, to the HIGH STATES, his FRIENDS,
 His weightiest Mission now intends;
 Their Zeal in Freedom's Cause t'excite,
 And urge them to th' intrepid Fight;

Each

That

That Doubts, no longer, may suspend
 Their Action to that glorious End.

But where's that all-accomplish'd Man,
 To execute the Royal Plan?
 Where's he, whose Influence can obtain,
 What has been ask'd, so oft, in vain?
 Such vivid strong Impressions make,
 As Lethargies shall feel, and wake?
 Who to deaf Ears can Sounds convey,
 And pour on sightless Eyes the Day?
 The Man of finest Eloquence,
 Politest Manners, justest Sense;
 Of happiest Genius, happiest Art
 T'inform the Head, and pierce the Heart;
 Pow'rful, when Justice calls, t'inspire
 The timid Breast with Martial Fire.

None Hesitate, but all Agree
 That CHESTERFIELD alone is He
 He's call'd, approv'd, empow'r'd, and sent
 To enforce th' important, grand Intent.

His high Commission he unfolds;
 Each Ear in deep Attention holds;
 By strong persuasive Sounds inspir'd,
 Each wav'ring Mind is fixt and fir'd;
 Determin'd, proud incroaching *France*
 Shall know her Bounds, nor dare t'advance
 O'er subject *Europe* to preside;
 Nor Pow'r's just Ballance be destroy'd.
 But if too high her Floods are swell'd,
 These with opponent Force repell'd,
 Nor now aspiring, as before,
 Shall creep within an humbler Shore.

The Purpose this, of *GEORGE*'s Soul,
 Above Ambition's vile Controul;
 A Monarch born, Mankind to bless,
 Their Rights defend and Wrongs redress;
 A *NEPTUNE*, Sov'reign of the Seas,
 Pow'rful the tumid floods t' appease;
 Great Arbiter of *EUROPE*'s Fate;
 Glorious in Pow'r, in Goodness great;
 This Message shall his Thunder bear
 To haughty *LOUIS*' trembling Ear;
 " The Empire of the Sea is mine;
 " The Empire of the Land not thine,
 " 'Tis mine to make War's Tempest cease,
 " And Nations hush, as Oceans, into Peace

When *Mars*, my Lord, has loudly prais'd
 Your Eloquence, for Aids you rais'd;

And modest Peace appears, she'll sue
 To trust her gentle Right to you;
 Knowing, nor *Gallic* Gold nor Wile,
 Can taint your Heart or Breast beguile.
 If CHESTERFIELD his Projects scan,
 Let *Bellisle* scheme the best he can.

So bravely have you fir'd the War,
 Let Peace obtain your tender Care;
 To you, by Royal Wisdom giv'n,
 The Pow'rs of Peace, the Gift of Heav'n.
 Oh! genial Peace, with Justice crown'd,
 In affluent Bliss how sure t' abound!
 So obvious all your Charms, how vain
 To paint the Beauties of your Reign!
 Oh! come, and, lovely as the Spring,
 Your Sister, fair-fac'd Plenty bring.

Let Poverty no more infest;
 But hourly be our Stores increast.
 Let Taxes fall, and o'er the Main
 The *British* Trade triumphant reign;
 And when all other Troubles cease,
 Oh! may our PURSES rest in Peace!
 Fair Peace, serene, these Fruits not found,
 What art thou, but a Shade or Sound?
 With Want, with Mis'ry when ally'd,
 Thy very ESSENCE is destroy'd.

The Tongue of Eloquence, my Lord,
 Is sharper than the sharpest Sword.
 What sooner fires, or can compose
 Pacific Breasts, or wrathful Foes?
 'Tis You alike, my Lord, persuade
 To draw, or sheath the shining Sword.

Oh ! potent Eloquence ! you fight
 With uncontroll'd, all-conqu'ring Might,
 You, all our Passions, at your Will,
 Check, or impell, or rouse or still,
 Sadness or Joy, the Smile or Tear,
 Obedient at your Call appear,
 Our Souls, to what Degrees you please,
 Despair shall sink, or Courage raise,
 Impetuous Torrents, you assuage,
 You, make the stagnant Waters rage,
 'Tis you, the World in Peace unite ;
 'Tis you, who thunders in the Fight.

Such Eloquence, great STANHOPE's thine !
 With ev'ry Grace thy Speeches shine.
 REASON, how pleas'd whene'er you speak !
 Not dull and slow, obscure and weak ;

But,

But, pouring from your copious Tongue,
Lively and rapid, bright and strong.
TRUTH, deck'd by you with purest Rays,
Smiles to behold her native Blaze,
While FALSEHOOD dares not hope to shine
In Colours, or in Dress that's thine.
To servile, mean, dishonest Arts
You ne'er debas'd your splendid Parts.
Never, but for BRITANNIA's Good,
The Veh'ment Orator you stood.
Never, BRITANNIA's Breast to wound,
Flew the deceiving, deadly Sound.

Oh! Eloquence! how fine thy Art,
When rising from an upright Heart!
How sweet, how pleasing then, thy Course,
Deriv'd from an untainted Source!

What Blessings, then, your sacred Sound
Diffuses richly all around!
But oh, how fatal, dreadful, you!
When from a Font corrupt you flow.
The brighter you, the more our Ills;
Like the sharp Sword that shines and kills;
Or the wide-wasting, burning Light,
But more destructive, as more bright.

AMPHION's soft enchanting Song
Drew the hard senseless Stones along;
With Pow'rs of Sound his Walls he rears,
And as he plays, a THEBES appears.
ORPHEUS, how sweet thy golden Lyre,
By PHOEBUS giv'n thee, thy great Sire!
Its sounding Strings touch'd by thy Hand,
All Nature seem'd at thy Command.

Rocks

Rocks started, when they heard the Sound;
 And Trees and Woods all danc'd around.
 While *Hebrus*, to attend thy Lay,
 Held his strong Streams in sweet Delay.
 His pow'rful Harmony invades
 The Gloom of Hell, and charms the Shades.
 Behold th' EUMENIDES appeas'd;
 Their hissing, Hydra-hairs are pleas'd.
 ORION now, not hears the Roar
 Of Lions, whom he chas'd before.
 PROMETHEUS smiles, while th' Eagle eats,
 And TANTALUS his Thirst forgets.
 His Toils IXION did not feel,
 For strong Amazement stopt his Wheel.
 Fierce CERBERUS listen'd, and no more
 He stretcht his † hundred Throats to roar.

† Virg.

11: 7: 49

E I N I S

Rocks started, when they heard the sound;
And Trees and Woods all danc'd around.

While Hebe, to attend thy Lay,
Held his strong Streams in sweet Delay.

His powerful Harmony invades
The Gloom of Hell, and charms the Shades.

Behold th' Eumenides appear'd;
Their hissing Hydras are pleas'd.

Orion now, not hears the Roar

Of Lions, whom he chas'd before.

PROMETHEUS smiles, while th' Eagle caws,

And TANTALUS his Thirst forgets.

His Toils Ixion did not feel,

For strong Amazement stopp'd his Wheel.

Fierce CERBERUS hiss'd, and no more

He stretch his thousand Throats to roar.